

Boston Council

R. & S. M.



Not to be taken away

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimm'd by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

MASSACHUSETTS

Tune—Maryland

Old Massachusetts, there she stands!
A flaming sword within her hands,
A beacon light for other lands—
Massachusetts, there she stands!
Home of the brave, State of the free,
The citadel of Liberty,
The shield of true democracy—
Massachusetts, there she stands!

O Massachusetts, loved and fair!
To thee allegiance new we swear,
For law and order still to dare,
That right may flourish everywhere.
What tho' disloyal, ruffian bands,
Assail thy fame with blood-red hands?
Eternal truth our faith commands—
Massachusetts, there she stands!

AMERICA

My country 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
 From ev'ry mountain's side,
 Let freedom ring.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing.
 Long may our land be bright,
 With freedom's holy light,
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous
 fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly stream-
 ing?
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
 Oh, say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
 'Tis the Star Spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

STUMBLING

(Published by Feist)

Stumbling all around, stumbling all around, stumbling
all around, so funny,
Stumbling here and there, stumbling everywhere,
And I must declare, I stepped right on her toes,
And when she bumped my nose, I fell, and when I rose
I felt ashamed, and told her
That's the latest step, that's the latest step, that's the
latest step, my honey,
Notice all the pep, notice all the pep, notice all the pep.
She said, "Stop mumbling, tho' you are stumbling,
I like it just a little bit, just a little bit, quite a little bit."

THE LOVE NEST

(Published by Victoria Publishing Corp.)

Just a love nest, cozy and warm,
Like a dove rest down on the farm;
A veranda with some sort of clinging vine,
Then a kitchen where some rambler roses twine;
Then a small room, tea-set of blue;
Best of all rooms, dream room for two,
Better than a palace with a gilded dome
Is a love nest you can call home.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

O, Columbia, the gem of the ocean, the home of the
brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion, a world offers
homage to thee;
Thy mandates make heroes assemble, when Liberty's
form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble, when borne by the
red, white and blue.
When borne by the red, white and blue, when borne by
the red, white and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble when borne by the
red, white and blue.

CALIFORNIA

(Published by Remick)

My California,
Hear your lonesome boy calling,
Honest, I ain't a'stalling,
I want to come home,
Just hear me crying,
I'm really crying,
Night-time finds me just like a willow,
Weeping there on my pillow,
So lonesome and blue,
Yes, longing for you.
Oh, dear, let the birdies sing,
It's orange-blossom time.
I'll cheer, 'cause I've got the ring
And I hear those wedding chimes.
Just let me warn ya,
Tell me, sweetie, in California
My love is growing,
I'll soon be going,
I'm California bound.

NELLIE KELLY I LOVE YOU

(Published by M. Witmark & Sons)

It's the same old song they sing,
"I love you."
The boys are all mad about Nellie,
The daughter of Officer Kelly,
And it's all day long they bring
Flowers all dripping with dew.
And they join in the chorus of,
Nellie Kelly, "I love you."

JINGLE BELLS

Dashing thro' the snow, in a one-horse open sleigh;
O'er the fields we go, laughing all the way;
Bells on bob-tail ring, making spirits bright;
What fun it is to ride and sing a sleighing song tonight!
Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells, jingle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!
Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells, jingle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

(Published by Witmark)

With someone like you, a pal good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind, and go and find
Some place that's known to God alone.
Just a spot to call your own—
We'll find perfect peace where joys never cease,
Out there beneath a kindly sky;
We'll build a sweet little nest somewhere in the west,
And let the rest of the world go by.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

(Published by Remick)

I can hear my Mammy praying, "Now I lay me down to
sleep,"
While I'm beside her saying, "I pray the Lord my soul
to keep,
If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to
take."
If Mammy thought that I'd forget these words, I know
her heart would break.
I've forgotten many lessons that I learned in childhood
days,
But Mammy's tender blessin's, they seem to cling to me
always;
And though I've lost my Daddy, lost my Mammy,
Still I'll always keep the memory of "Now I lay me down
to sleep."

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood.
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket that hung in the well.

GEORGIA

(Published by Feist)

Georgia! Georgia! My home sweet home.
 How I've adored ya', Georgia,
 Oh, my! Oh! why did I roam?
 I know that I'll be so H- A- double P- Y,
 When I see my M- A- double M- Y,
 I'm headin' t'ward ya', Georgia,
 You put the "sweet" in Home Sweet Home,
 My own sweet Georgia.

WHY SHOULD I CRY OVER YOU?

(Published by Feist)

I don't know why I should cry over you,
 Sigh over you, even feel blue;
 I should have known that you'd leave me alone,
 And break my heart in two.
 Although you have left me alone to pine,
 And all of my love was a waste of time,
 Some day your heart will be broken like mine,
 So why should I cry over you?

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon the Swanee Ribber, far, far away,
 Dare's where my heart is turning eber, dare's where the
 old folks stay;
 All up and down de whole creation, sadly I roam,
 Still longing for de old plantation, and for de old folks
 at home.
 All de world am sad and dreary, eb'rywhere I roam,
 Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
 Far from the old folks at home.

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES

Good-night, ladies! good-night, ladies! good-night, ladies!
 We're going to leave you now.
 Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
 Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea.

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

(Published by Feist, for West's, Ltd., London)

It's three o'clock in the morning, we've danced the whole
night through,
And daylight soon will be dawning—just one more waltz
with you.
That melody, so entrancing, seems to be made for us two,
I could just keep right on dancing forever, dear, with you

I AIN'T NOBODY'S DARLING

(Published by Skidmore Music Co., Inc.)

I ain't nobody's darling, I'm blue as can be,
'Cause I ain't got nobody to fuss over me.
If I don't get somebody I'll go back to the farm
And make love to the chickens, 'cause I don't give a good
gosh darn!
Oh! by Jiminy! by Heck!

AIN'T WE GOT FUN?

(Published by Remick)

Ev'ry morning, ev'ry evening, ain't we got fun!
Not much money, oh, but honey, ain't we got fun!
The rent's unpaid, dear, we haven't a bus,
But smiles were made, dear, for people like us.
In the winter, in the summer, don't we have fun!
Times are bum, and getting bummer, still we have fun!
There's nothing surer, the rich get richer and the poor
get children,
In the meantime, in between time, ain't we got fun!

'ROUND HER NECK SHE WEARS A YELLER RIBBON

(Published by Feist)

'Round her neck she wears a yeller ribbon,
She wears it in the winter and the summer, so they say,
If you ask her "why the decoration?" she'll say,
"It's fur my lover who is fur, fur away."
Fur away, fur away, if she is milking cows or mowing hay,
'Round her neck she wears a yeller ribbon;
She wears it for her lover who is fur, fur away.

SMILIN' THROUGH

(Published by M. Witmark & Sons)

Thre's a little brown road windin' over the hill.
 To a little white cot by the sea;
 There's a little green gate
 At whose trellis I wait,
 While two eyes o' blue
 Come smilin' through,
 At me.

HORTENSE

(Published by Irving Berlin, Inc.)

Oh! Oh! Oh! my sweet Hortense,
 She ain't good-lookin', but she's got good sense.
 Before I kiss Hortense I always buy a nickel's worth of
 peppermints.
 Rain makes flowers pretty, I hear, I hope it pours on her
 for a year,
 That would be immense!
 Yer never met a gal like sweet Hortense.

OH! WHAT A PAL WAS MARY

(Published by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.)

Oh! what a pal was Mary. Oh! what a pal was she.
 An angel was born on Easter morn, and God sent her
 down to me;
 Heart of my heart was Mary, soul of my soul divine;
 Though she is gone, love lingers on, for Mary, old pal of
 mine.

SMILES

(Published by Remick)

There are smiles that make us happy,
 There are smiles that make us blue,
 There are smiles that steal away the tear drops
 As the sunbeams steal away the dew;
 There are smiles that have a tender meaning
 That the eyes of love alone may see,
 And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine
 Are the smiles that you give to me.

YOO-HOO

(Published by Maurice Richmond, Inc.)

You'll hear me calling YOO-HOO
 'Neath your window some sweet day,
 You'll hear me calling YOO-HOO
 And you'll know I'm home to stay.
 When I hear your cheery answer
 It will make my dreams come true,
 Because I know that YOO-HOO
 Means "I love you."

PEGGY O'NEIL

(Published by Feist)

If her eyes are blue as skies, that's Peggy O'Neil,
 If she's smiling all the while, that's Peggy O'Neil,
 If she walks like a sly little rogue,
 If she talks with a cute little brogue,
 Sweet personality, full of rascality, that's Peggy O'Neil.

STEIN SONG

Give a rouse, then, in the Maytime,
 For a life that knows no fear;
 Turn night-time into day-time
 With the sunlight of good cheer.
 For it's always fair weather,
 When good fellows get together,
 With a stein on the table, and a good song ringing clear.

Chorus

For it's always fair weather
 When good fellows get together,
 With a stein on the table, and a good song ringing clear.
 Oh! we're all frank and twenty
 When the spring is in the air;
 And we've faith and hope a-plenty,
 And we've life and love to spare.
 And it's birds of a feather
 When good fellows get together,
 With a stein on the table and a heart without a care.

ON THE 'GIN, 'GIN 'GINNY SHORE

(Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc.)

When the moon shines on the 'Gin, 'Gin, 'Ginny shore.
 Those sweet Virginia lovers croon an old Virginia tune,
 In the shelter of the syc, syc, sycamore,
 I want to say hello to the old trio,
 Mammy Jinny, Aunt Jemima, Old Black Joe,
 And they all hang 'round the cab, cab, cabin door,
 That's just the kind of life I'm longing for.
 Banjoes strumming, darkies humming "Mammy,"
 When the moon shines on the 'Gin, 'Gin, 'Ginny shore.

PATTER CHORUS

Gin in the bottle when I'm alone,
 Gin in the engine that brings me home,
 Gin in my Mammy Jinny's ginger cake,
 Enough left over for a tummy ache.
 A nice gin rickey tastes so sweet,
 Just makes you want to strut your feet,
 'Way back in sixty-four
 They all got gin-ned on the 'Ginny shore.

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

(Published by M. Witmark & Son)

There's a long, long trail a-winding
 Into the land of my dreams,
 Where the nightingales are singing
 And a white moon beams;
 There's a long, long night of waiting
 Until my dreams all come true,
 Till the day when I'll be going
 Down that long, long trail with you.

A PAGE OF "OLD TIMERS"

ON THE BOWERY

On the Bowery, the Bowery,
 They do such things, and they say such things,
 On the Bowery, the Bowery,
 I'll never go there any more.

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

East side, West side, all around the town,
 Little tots singing "Ring-Rosie," "London Bridge is Fall-
 ing Down,"
 Boys and girls together, me and Mamie Rourke,
 Tripped the light fantastic on
 The sidewalks of New York.

ANNIE ROONEY

She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau,
 She's my Annie, I'm her Joe,
 Soon we'll marry, never to part,
 Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.

AFTER THE BALL IS OVER

After the ball is over, after the break of dawn
 After the dancers' leaving, after the stars have gone,
 Many a heart is aching could you but read them all,
 Many the hopes that have vanished
 After the ball.

A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT

When you hear dem bells go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
 All join hands and sweetly we will sing,
 And when the verse am thru the chorus all join in;
 There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

TA RA RA BOOM DE AY

Ta ra ra boom de ay, ta ra ra boom de ay
 Ta ra ra boom de ay, ta ra ra boom de ay

SOME HARRY LAUDER FAVORITES

IT'S NICE TO GET UP IN THE MORNIN'

O, it's nice to get up in the mornin', when the sun begins
to shine,
At four or five or six o'clock, in the good old summer
time;
When the snow is snowin', and it's murky overhead,
O, it's nice to get up in the mornin', but it's nicer to lie
in bed.

I LOVE A LASSIE

I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie;
She's as pure as the lily in the dell;
She's as sweet as the heather,
The bonnie, bloomin' heather,
Mary, ma Scotch bluebell.

SHE'S MY DAISY

She's my daisy, my bonnie Daisy;
She's as sweet as sugar candy.
And she's very fond of Sandy,
And I'm weary for my deary,
I would rather lose my whip than lose my Daisy.

IN THE GLOAMIN'

O-Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie banks o' Clyde
Roamin' in the gloamin' with my lassie by my side
When the sun has gone to rest, that's the time I love the
best
Oh it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'.

STOP YOUR TICKLING, JOCK

Will you stop your ticklin', Jock? Oh, stop your ticklin',
Jock,
Dinna make me laugh so hearty, or you'll make me choke
Oh, I wish you'd stop your nonsense, just look at all the
folk
Will you stop your tickling, tickle, ickle, ickling
Stop your tickling, Jock.

A PAGE OF WAR SONGS

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

(Published by Remick)

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
 When the clouds roll by I'll come to you
 Then the skies will seem more blue,
 Down in lover's lane, my dearie,
 Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
 Every tear will be a memory,
 So wait and pray each night for me
 Till we meet again.

DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE

(Published by G. Ricordi & Co.)

Oh! how I want you, dear old pal of mine
 Each night and day I pray you're always mine.
 Sweetheart, may God bless you, angel hands caress you,
 While sweet dreams rest you, dear old pal of mine.

THE ROSE OF NO MAN'S LAND

(Published by Jack Mendelshon Music Co.)

There's a rose that grows on No Man's Land, and it's
 wonderful to see
 Tho' it's sprayed with tears, it will live for years,
 In my garden of memory.
 It's the one red rose the soldier knows,
 It's the work of the Master's hand.
 'Mid the war's great curse, stands the Red Cross Nurse,
 She's the Rose of No Man's Land.

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

(Published by Chappell & Co., Ltd.)

Keep the home fires burning, while your hearts are yearn-
 ing,
 Though your lads are far away they dream of home;
 There's a silver lining through the dark cloud shining,
 Turn the dark cloud inside out till the boys come home.

ANOTHER PAGE OF WAR SONGS

GOOD MORNING, MR. ZIP-ZIP-ZIP

(Published by Feist)

Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
 With your hair cut just as short as mine;
 Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
 You're surely looking fine.
 Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
 If the Camels don't get you, the Fatimas must;
 Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
 With your hair cut just as short as
 Your hair cut just as short as
 Your hair cut just as short as mine.

SMILE, SMILE, SMILE

(Published by Chappell & Co.)

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
 And smile, smile, smile,
 While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
 Smile, boys, that's the style.
 What's the use of worrying, it never was worth while,
 So pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
 And smile, smile, smile.

HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

(Published by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.)

Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,
 Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed;
 For the hardest blow of all, is to hear the bugler call:
 You've got to get up, you've got to get up,
 You've got to get up in the morning!
 Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
 Some day they're going to find him dead;
 I'll amputate his reveille, and step upon it heavily.
 And spend the rest of my life in bed.

SONGS THAT NEVER GROW OLD

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
 And the flickering shadows softly come and go,
 Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
 Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song,
 Comes Love's old sweet song.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
 Which I gaze on so fondly today
 Were to change by tomorrow and fleet in my arms,
 Like fairy gifts fading away,
 Thou would'st still be adored, as this moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

How can I bear to leave thee?
 One parting kiss I give thee;
 And then whate'er befalls me,
 I go where honor calls me:
 Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
 Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

JUANITA

Soft o'er the fountain, ling'ring falls the southern moon;
 Far o'er the mountain, breaks the day too soon!
 In thy dark eyes' splendor, where the warm light loves to
 dwell,
 Weary looks, yet tender, speak their fond farewell!
 Nita! Juanita! Ask thy soul if we should part!
 Nita! Juanita! Lean thou on my heart.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with
 mine
 Or leave a kiss within the cup, and I'll not ask for wine;
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink
 divine, [thine.
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip, I would not change for

A PAGE FOR THE HARMONY "BUGS"

SWEET ADELINE

Sweet Adeline, Sweet Adelinc,
 At night, dear heart, for thee I pine;
 In all my dreams, your fair face beams,
 You're the idol of my heart,
 Sweet Adeline.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Darling, I am growing old, silver threads among the gold,
 Shine upon my brow today, life is fading fast away;
 But my darling, you will be, always young and fair to me,
 Yes, my darling, you will be, always young and fair to me.

LOVE ME AND THE WORLD IS MINE

I care not for the stars that shine,
 I dare not hope to e'er be thine,
 I only know I love you,
 Love me, and the world is mine.

THE LITTLE OLD RED SHAWL

Oh, that little old red shawl,
 That little old red shawl,
 That little old red shawl my mother wore;
 It was tattered, it was torn,
 It showed signs of being worn,
 That little old red shawl my mother wore.

MY HERO

Come, come, I love you only, my heart is true,
 Come, come, my life is lonely, I long for you.
 Come, come, naught can efface you,
 My arms are aching now to embrace you,
 Thou art divine,
 Come, come, I love you only, come hero mine.

NOBODY LIED

(Published by Remick)

Nobody lied, when they said I cried over you.
 Nobody lied, when they said I most died over you.
 Ever since I've been away,
 I've been grieving night and day.
 I want you always by my side.
 Nobody lied when they said I was blue over you.
 Got so blue I scarce knew what to do.
 All my life before me was so dreary and so black,
 I think I'll choose the river and I'll never come back,
 Nobody lied, when they said I cried over you.

BLINKY WINKY

(Published by Caddigan & Story)

In the little Hinky Dinky land of Blinky Winky,
 There's a weary, sad, and dreary, lonely little Chinky,
 Waiting for one that he left at home, 'cross the foam, all
 alone,
 She was only a China rose.
 When the weepy, sleepy, creepy shades of night are
 falling,
 To his God of Oriental Love you'll hear him calling,
 Bring me the breath of the Rose I had,
 Make me glad, I'm so sad,
 Tell her that I'm waiting down in Blinky Winky Town.

LI'L LIZA JANE

(Published by Sherman, Clay & Co.)

I'se got a gal and you got none, Li'l Liza Jane,
 I'se got a gal and you got none, Li'l Liza Jane,
 Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane,
 Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane.

Come, my love, and marry me, Li'l Liza Jane,
 I will take good care of thee, Li'l Liza Jane.
 Liza Jane done come to me, Li'l Liza Jane.
 Both as happy as can be, Li'l Liza Jane.
 House and lot in Baltimo', Li'l Liza Jane.
 Lots of chilluns roun' de do', Li'l Liza Jane.

CAROLINA SUNSHINE

(Published by Harry Von Tilzer)

Carolina Sun, I'm lonesome; Carolina Sun, I'm blue,
When the day is done I'm pining for a sight of you:
Makes no difference where I wander, any place I chance
to roam,
When the golden sun sinks in the west, then I think of
home.

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low;
I hear those gentle voices calling
"Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

HOW-DY

(Published by Sam Fox Pub. Co.)

Now when we meet together,
Together, together,
No matter what the weather,
Or what the time of day,
Let's grab a hand and shake it,
And shake it, and shake it,
And as for greeting, make it
That good old-fashioned way:

How-dy do, Hen,
How-dy do, Jen,
How-dy do, Brother Hugh,
How-dy do, Sister Prue,
How-dy do, Bill,
How-dy do, Lil,
How-dy do, Lew and Sue,
How-dy do.

DO IT AGAIN

(Published by Harms, Inc.)

Oh, do it again,
 I may say "No, no, no, no, no,"
 But do it again.
 My lips just ache to have you take
 The kiss that's waiting for you.
 You know if you do,
 You won't regret it, come and get it.
 Oh, no one is near,
 I may cry oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
 But no one will hear.
 Mama may scold me, 'cause she told me
 It is naughty, but then,
 Oh, do it again,
 Please do it again?

OHIO SHORE

(Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc.)

Let your mem'ry stray, back Ohio way,
 Drifting down a stream one June night
 In a birch canoe, 'neath the heaven's blue
 Where the willows greet the moonlight.
 As we glide along, I can hear your song,
 Just as in the days of yore.
 While the stars above smile upon our love
 By the old Ohio shore.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,
 There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow;
 There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
 There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go
 There's where I labor'd so hard for old massa,
 Day after day in the field of yellow corn,
 No place on earth do I love more sincerely
 Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
 There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow;
 There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
 There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go.

JUST A LITTLE LOVE SONG

(Published by Irving Berlin, Inc.)

Just a little love song,
 Rings on the strings of my heart,
 Must this little love song,
 Always remind me that we're apart.
 Rhymes of times so golden,
 Haunt me the whole night long,
 My love would reach you, if I could teach you
 Just a little love song.

GENERAL GRANT

How well I remember the days of Forty-nine,
 When the old hoss stuck in the mire;
 And Squire Bill Jones came a-running down the road,
 Saying, "My Gosh, Cy, there's a fire!"
 Then I called to my wife for to fetch my rubber boots,
 And I kissed my gal, Irene;
 And Squire Bill an' I went a-whizzing down the road,
 For to run with the old machine.

Chorus

For to run with the old machine, by gosh!!!
 For to run with the old machine!
 Then Squire Bill and I went a-whizzing down the road
 For to run with the old machine!

How well I remember the days of Sixty-one,
 When the cannon balls were flying by the peck;
 Along came a cannon ball a-whizzing through the air,
 And hit Bill Jones in the neck.
 Then up jumped Bill, and said he, "My neck is tough;
 They're a-tryin' fer to kill me, but they can't";
 Those good old days, beneath the stars and stripes,
 When we fit for General Grant!

Chorus

When we fit for General Grant! by Gosh!!!
 When we fit for General Grant!
 Those good old days beneath the stars and stripes,
 When we fit for General Grant!

GEORGETTE

(Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc.)

Georgette, Georgette, I'm wild as can be.
 I'm all upset 'cause you're teasing me.
 My ma, my pa, my whole family,
 They scold me, they told me,
 You've got a kick like T. N. T.,
 I eat, I sleep, but not as I should,
 Oh me, oh my, why can't you be good?
 Once I was gentle and meek,
 Now I'm as wild as the sheik.
 I'll get, you yet, Georgette.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
 are stored,
 He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
 sword;

His truth is marching on.

Chorus: Glory, glory hallelujah! etc.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
 camps,
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
 damps,
 I have read His righteous sentence in the dim and flaring
 lamps,

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
 "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
 shall deal;
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his
 heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
 retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment
 seat;
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!
 Our God is marching on.

LOVABLE EYES

(Published by Jerome H. Remick & Co.)

Lovable eyes, they seem to say, I want you, dearie,
 Lovable eyes, in dreamy way come over near me.
 Lovable eyes, they always plead we are so lonely.
 Do heed, for we need you only,
 Lovable eyes, they coo at you, don't be a stranger,
 Lovable eyes, they woo and tell there won't be danger,
 Come on, come on, they cry and huddle,
 Come on, come on, they sigh and cuddle,
 Lovable eyes, I fall when you call me.

'TUCKY HOME

(Published by Irving Berlin, Inc.)

Tuck me to sleep in my old 'Tucky home,
 Cover me with Dixie skies, and leave me there alone;
 Just let the sun kiss my cheeks every morn,
 Like the kissin' I've been missin'
 From my mammy since I'm gone.
 I ain't had a bit of rest since I left my mammy's nest,
 I can always rest the best in her loving arms.
 Tuck me to sleep in my old 'Tucky home,
 Let me lay there, stay there, never more to roam.

DIXIE LAND

I wish I was in de land ob cotton—
 Old times dar am not forgotten:
 Look away, look away, look away Dixie Land.
 In Dixie Land, whar I was born in
 Early on one frosty mornin':
 Look away, look away, look away Dixie Land.

Chorus

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray, Hooray,
 In Dixie Land I'll take my stand
 To lib and die in Dixie
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

KENTUCKY BLUES

(Published by M. Witmark & Sons)

I've got the blues for old Kentucky; oh, boy, I feel blue,
 I long to kiss my mammy, I miss my daddy, too.
 I'll tell the world I've been a rover,
 Now my roving days are over,
 I've got the blues for my old Kentucky home.

YOU REMIND ME OF MY MOTHER

(Published by M. Witmark & Sons)

You remind me of my mother,
 My mother was a lot like you.
 So many little things you do,
 I find they bring to mind my mother.
 I never thought there'd be another
 Would have that sweet appeal,
 Or could make me feel, that the old fool world was real,
 I've got the tintype of my mother
 When mother was a girl like you.
 You look a lot alike, you two.
 Her hair was just as fair,
 Her eyes used to twinkle just the same as your eyes do,
 You remind me of my mother, that's why I love you.

WHICH HAZEL?

(Published by M. Witmark & Sons)

Which Hazel, which Hazel, which Hazel shall it be?
 Which Hazel, which Hazel, is all that worries me.
 I love them, I love them, I'm going off my nut,
 For they've got something, I declare, no other girls have
 got.
 Which Hazel, which Hazel, my brain is in a whirl,
 Which Hazel shall turn out to be the girl?
 Take the key and lock me up, I'm as crazy as a pup,
 I win the paper loving cup, for I don't know which Hazel.

THE SUNSHINE OF YOUR SMILE

Give me your smile, the lovelight in your eyes,
 Life could not hold a fairer Paradise!
 Give me the right to love you all the while,
 My world forever, the sunshine of your smile!

DARLING NELLY GRAY

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
 Where I've whiled many happy hours away
 A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door,
 Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.
 O my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
 And I'll never see my darling any more;
 I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,
 For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

SOME SUNNY DAY

(Published by Irving Berlin, Inc.)

Some sunny day with a smile on my face,
 I'll go back to that place far away;
 Back to that shack, and that red-headed hen,
 She'll say, "How have you been?"
 Then go back to the hay and lay me my breakfast.
 Some sunny day I'll be on that express
 Flying away to my little bunch of happiness;
 Oh, how I pine for those lips sweet as wine—
 They'll be pressed close to mine—some sunny day.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT

The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
 The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day.
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
 All merry, all happy and bright.
 By'n-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

Weep no more, my lady,
 Oh! weep no more today!
 We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
 For the old Kentucky home, far away.

FUNICULI, FUNICULA

Some think the world is made for fun and frolic,
 And so do I! and so do I!
 Some think it well to be all melancholic,
 To pine and sigh! To pine and sigh!
 But I, I love to spend my time in singing,
 Some joyous song! Some joyous song!
 To set the air with music bravely ringing,
 Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!

Listen, listen, echo sounds afar!
 Listen, listen, echo sounds afar!
 Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la.

PICK ME UP AND LAY ME DOWN

(Published by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.)

Pick me up, and lay me down in dear old Dixie land,
 The sun shines there each morn,
 That's where the sun was born.
 My heart-strings are rapt up in that land of magic charms,
 Carry me back to some one's empty arms.
 Keep those darkies singing, till I get back;
 To that ivy clinging ram-shackle shack.
 Pick me up just like my mammy; lead me by the hand,
 And lay me down in dear old Dixie-land.

A PERFECT DAY

(Published by Carrie J. Bond & Son)

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
 And you sit alone with your thought,
 While the chimes ring out with a carol gay,
 For the joy that the day has brought.
 Do you think what the end of a perfect day
 Can mean to a tired heart?
 When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,
 And the dear friends have to part?
 Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
 Near the end of a journey, too,
 But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
 With a wish that is kind and true.
 For memory has painted this perfect day
 With colors that never fade,
 And we find at the end of a perfect day
 The soul of a friend we've made.

THE QUILTING PARTY

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
 On the bank the pale moon shone;
 And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
 I was seeing Nellie home.
 I was seeing Nellie home, I was seeing Nellie home,
 And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
 I was seeing Nellie home.

THE GRASSHOPPER

Tune—John Brown's Body

One grasshopper jumped right over another grasshopper's
back;
One grasshopper jumped right over another grasshopper's
back;
One grasshopper jumped right over another grasshopper's
back;
As one grasshopper jumped right over another grass-
hopper's back—

They were only playing leap frog,
They were only playing leap frog,
They were only playing leap frog,
As one grasshopper jumped right over another grass-
hopper's back.

THE BEAR

Tune—We Won't Go Home Until Morning

The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
To see what he could see.

And all that he could see,
And all that he could see,
Was the other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain,
Was all that he could see.

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